

I s l a n d

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I used to create imaginary maps. Fanciful trails switchbacked in my mind and their contour marked the border of some particular and unrepeatable world. It wasn't the wonderland I knew so well because of Alice. She didn't quite belong there. But the

one thing that made me think of her in this place was that we were both quite daring and curious, and entering unknown routes was always adventurous. Of course you needed imagination. My mum told me long ago that a man had lost his guides and from that time on he's been at his own mercy. God was also quite an empty face and all the mythological gods were now slumbering in the thickness of yellowed pages which has always reminded me of old people's faces.

I've read a lot of books on exploring the old mainland, but still something always made me feel overwhelmed. It was history. The term itself was quite ambiguous for me because of all those stories incorporated. Whatever style I chose it always had *history*, or *history* within. Each man was a vessel of his or her own story or at least a story of his or her own stories. Where could I find my own, was my blurred point of departure.

I am not a story teller as you might have thought in the beginning. I wish I were a hero of the story you're reading or enlivening somehow just as I did with all those long-forgotten ones. Creating imaginary maps was discovering new lands. I invented names for the rivers, mountain chains, valleys and deserts. It was the wild side of my mind. It had vast landscapes with deep gorges and bluish seas which out of it were simply and innocently called dreams. My fanciful dictionary didn't contain that word, since I wouldn't know where was the exact place for that, whether in my childhood garden or on an island of my own thoughts, or in the spacetime of my virtual life. I-land was quite an absorbing realm to inhabit. That was the beginning of my actual shape. Think of Moby Dick, Godot and all those heroes that don't appear where you expect them to find. Instead of losing them you make up definitions and in fact the quest is at same time your station, so you grasp your thoughts and set off to explore the land. The same happens when I invent lands and draw borderlines and breathe life in them. I-land has a vivid life of its own, though you may have never had a chance to see that. You neither see nor believe any more. You're not even as authentic as you may think.

I'm not a story-teller. I'm not a hero that is lingering somewhere below the words and pauses. Just invent a definition to lead you through. Definitions and explanations are means of survival. I thought I didn't need them. Perhaps once you thought the same. Now you've got the borderlines and at least the vast overview of the interior. Still, you don't know me. And the moment you'd think you can know anybody will be another disillusion of yours.

Creation needs blankness in the beginning. Then blankness turns iridescent and takes the hues you least expected. After that it needs somebody to infuse life in the wild terrain, and of course a witness - the first figure to come and to find a shelter

when needed. *Thank you that you've come. I didn't mean to. Intentions don't matter.* It is the end product that finally shapes your surrounding. When I was younger I took crayons and coloured my visions on an absolutely white sheet of paper. They took forms and dimensions, and of course it wasn't happening during sleep as it usually occurs in fairy tales. I used to create imaginary maps and stick them to the walls in my room. In this way the spacetime was no longer so easy to learn about. Fanciful trails switchbacked in all directions now. The interior was enormous when compared to the tiny world of my childhood room. Now I got many more witnesses. They read the names and build up my inner dictionary. The world of my childhood has grown into a world of lands where I-land started to be part of a map. The map gradually grew bigger and bigger till it finally became a real one. The whole room inside, and the world I once knew were like tributaries to my imagination, though I am not the only owner of it.

Call me I-land. Perhaps you've come across a similar line hundreds of times, but when walking through the woods or climbing to encompass a little bit more than the known world you were not aware who was talking then, just as you're not sure from where the voice comes. You never expect such words to be the last.